

Free Beer Press

S.P.A.: PUNK ROCK DEMIGODS SURFS UP!!

I've had enough bitching & harassment from these chowderheads & I'm not gonna take it anymore. While not one to cry over spilled milk, I'm not one to roll over & be milked, either. Moo, Moo.

The name "Students For Progressive Action" sounds like a Marxist bible study class, but is actually a small closed group fronted by a psychology major whose stated purpose is to bring independent music to W.M.U. It's members are coincidentally members off a local band (who shall remain nameless) who appeared on nearly every bill presented by S.P.A. Pretty clever self-promotion, eh?

My first beef with this organization is not that they include themselves on these programs, but that other deserving groups are denied inclusion. I know of 3 groups who have tried repeatedly to perform on thier stage- only to be rejected or ignored. For example, the now defunkt Latin Dogs from Battle Creek. These guys rocked heavily around this state & elsewhere, yet were never allowed a chance to perform in thier neighbor city... Maybe it was thier after-shave....

When one jolly S.P.A. member was asked why his (nameless) band was invited on bills by other local groups, yet those groups were not allowed on S.P.A. bills, his reply was, "Our music would cross-over to you'r audience, but you'r music wouldn't appeal to ours". Upon further questioning he refused to reveal the winner of next year's World Series.

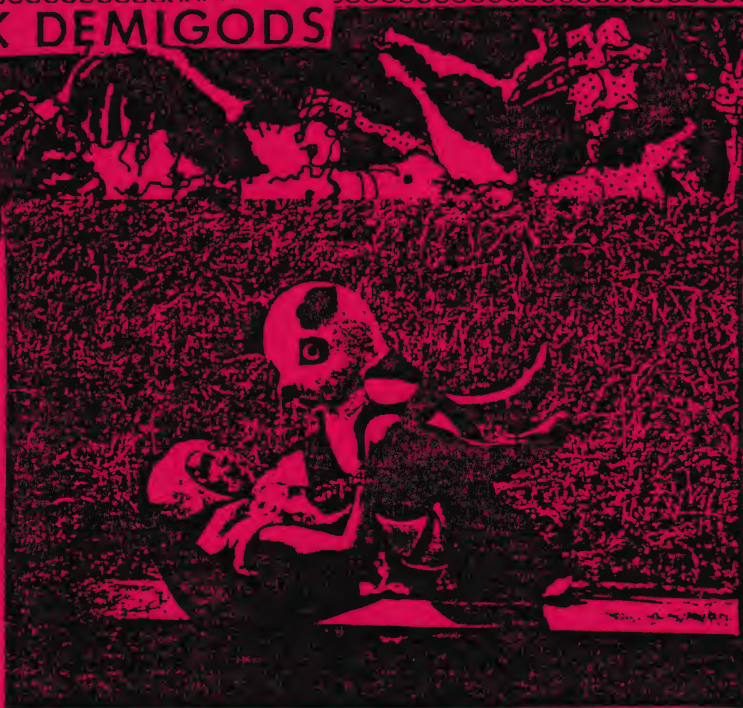
My second qualm with these folks is of a more personal nature, but it's a hair up my butt so I'll air it.

I'm to old to skate. I don't even like a lot of this music- but I'm attracted to the volume like a knat to a light bulb. I pay my money, go to the shows-only to be degraded & pushed around by little punker nenchmen. "Act Adult!" They yell as they stuff me out the door for spilling beer on myself.

The last show (Black Flag) was the worst. I coulda told 'em who I was- skinny columnist for the nationally read (even in Wisconsin) F.B.P. & asked for free admission. But no- I paid my \$5. When the woman at the door tried to stamp the back of my hand, I objected, turning palms up (Don't want Mom to know where I been, ya know?) She flipped my hand over- I flipped it back. Then she said, "You'r palm is to sweaty, I have to stamp the back". Now is that blatant harassment or what? Of course my palm was sweaty, I was just about to ask her out for Chinese food... Geez, talk about rejection.

One thing lead to another & I ended up on the balcony, which is of course off-limits but all sorts of local luminaries was up there for better viewing... As usual I was singled out & shoved & kicked down the stairs & out the front door. The lil punkers had thier way: I was walking around in circles on the sidewalk, blowing bubbles in the frigid night.

I am not saying that S.P.A. hasn't succeeded in presenting vital entertainment. But does the music scene have to be as prejudiced as real life? I have suffered enough- LET MY PEOPLE GO.



FLIPPER- GONE FISHIN'. Hey, trust me. They didn't catch anything but I bet they got drunk.

NIGHTCRAWLERS- "LITTLE BLACK EGGS". Finally! A tribute to Negro hens! LAY ME! BITCH!

BLIGHT- "10 SECONDS". To make a long (& I mean LONG) story short: The guy dies, his wife suicides, & the butler does it to the poodle. Class dismissed.

THE SUPREMES- "SILVER BELLS". Wintery wonderland music, this stuff is warmer than a fifth-Drink up!

SHEENA EASTON- "STRUT". Don't be afraid of homo dance music- Just bend over & pick up the soap.

WE ATTACK THEM. EXHIBIT "A".

Detroit Free Press

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SCOTT McGEHEE
MANAGING EDITOR

September 27, 1983

Free Beer Press
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To Whom It May Concern:

It has come to my attention that you are issuing a publication called "Free Beer Press" using the type style of the Detroit Free Press in your masthead.

Your use of a name and type style bearing such a close similarity to ours violates our copyright. You must stop using our type style in your masthead.

Sincerely yours,

Scott McGehee

THEY RETALIATE. EXHIBIT "B".



FBP 10

BUTTHOLE SURFERS- LIVE POPPER. Captured live & forced to smoke toenails. Put it on you'r X-mas list.

SWANS- FILTH. 2 drums, 2 basses. Deeper than the darkest grunge ever recorded. I take my copy to bed every night.

SCANDAL- "THE WARRIOR". Bang-Bang- Shootin at the walls of- I wash dishes for a living so fuck you.

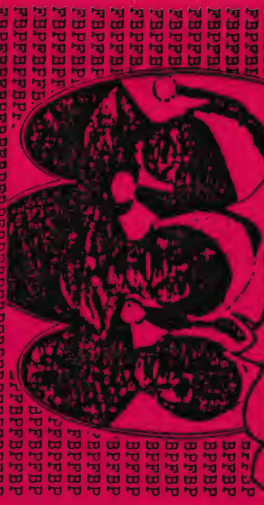
SENIOUSLY SPEAKING

DR DEAD SENSATIONS

Holla, all you studs and studesses! Welcome to the second issue featuring our all-new EXPANDED FLOORMATE. Hey, America really is a beautiful dump! The furry little rats behind my eyes peer out thru the drunken porches of my head and yes, things are looming lovely over the whorefront 3 '200 based bands cutting vinyl, blight at Club-Root Soda (see ad), and of course that holy-liday flood of record releases, all vying for YOUR Christmas dollar. Its almost enough to make me wanna get a job. Almost.

One more thing: I'm a lil' fat bit tired of all these comments about us fippers being sexist and male chauvinist pigs. Listen, you geeks, kick Action, Dr. V, Cherry M, Pico, and even the Big Red One are all real live biological FEMALES. So, hey, if any of you clods got any complaints send em to the ladies. They'll be in the kitchen.

Hi, dudes!!



MOON CHRISTMAS: VARIOUS ARTIST-Ah yes the Christmas record. Just like a good dom- trix, they don't make em like they used to. Sure, MOR marauders like Kenny Rogers and Perry Como still do it, but uh uh, I'm talkin rock- nroll. I mean, wheres the problem? Are all these geeks too good for Christmas? Well,

sure em, cuz once again Motown, the folks who were ahead of their time before anyone knew there was a time to be ahead of (and also black for all you racist assholes out there) has released their entire jukebox line. And I'm not talkin junior-league dickheads like Ricki, Rick James, or Hector Lopez. No, these are the cats who put the big Mo on the map: The Temptations, Stevie Wonder, Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, The Jackson 5, and the Temps, Miracles, and Supremes all have their own holiday hotplates, the one to cop is 'A Motown Christmas', a double lp which features the best of each plus some Stevie and J5 classics that'll warm just about anybody's cockles. Just imagin little Michael J's funk- Z rendition of 'Santa Claus Is Comin To Town' or 'I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus'. Or Smokey and the M's sweet soulful versions of 'Deck The Halls' and 'Jingle Bells.' Course, my top torches are the Supremes lovely stabs at 'White Christmas' and, especially the ethereal 'Silver Bells.' I mean, sure, with age-old standards like these no one ever thinks in terms of 'delicately versions,' but here I think we just may have found em. Diana Ross, in partic, hasn't sounded this pretty and unpretentious since she realized that her tits were NOT gonna get any bigger. Yeah, there's a few religious standards on here (the Temp's 'Little Drummer Boy,' Smokey's 'Jannette Isabella') but you don't gotta be a Jesus freak to love em any more than ya gotta be a punk to love Minor Threat's 'In My Eyes.' And the best part is that all these rees (even the doub) are going for less than 4 bucks. Sure, you may have to dig thru the cut-out bins, but like my mama told me, you better shop around.

THE MARCHES: TOO POWER TO DIE-I'd say 'the DUMB to die' is more like it. Hey, lets face it, like Dave these guys came outta the punker with something novel and then proceeded to beat it (like the fabled 'dead horse') until there was nothin left to squint. I mean, it may seem like a screwy analogy, but what these cats have turned into is the Stones, in that theres no swing, no their new rees except SONGS. No sweat, no blood, nothing to indicate that there might be real people in there. Just songs, and

though some of em are real good ('Mama's Boy') the production is so glossy and squeaky-clean and the vocals so ON TOP that it might as well be high-speed Loverboy. And what the hell are the Earthmice doin on here? My God, talk about oil and water! Dont they know that too much pop is bad for the mind's molars? If I didn't know any better I'd say these guys were trying to sell records or somethin. Well maybe, but not this one.

DAVID STIVIAN: RHILLANT TREES- First off if yer a Japan (the band) fan (and who isn't?) then you already know this guy and what this talin sounds like. Synth-sized, jagged-out, robot swill, right? Well, yeah, but Japan (now defunct) was still gonna my favorite bands EVER. Hey, stop laughin! I like my rocknroll as unkempt as the next guy, but hey, I've been known to have been a dandy myself now and then. And Japan were KING of the dandies. Some clowns tried to call em New Romantics. I call em soul food for suburban clay-heads. Leave yer wheel at home.

So much for the psycho-history: Lets talk about the record, if only cuz its an import and cost me TWELVE bucks. First ya got 'Pulling Punches', which sounds like 'The Art Of Parties', a tune from Japan's last alb, 'Tih Drum', and it might as well be Japan. I mean, makes ya wonder what those other guys did in the band (other than roll their eyes alot). Then theres 'Tuk In the Well', a bass-heavy acoustic chassé great despite the references to Picasso (what an asshole). My own personal fave is up next: its called 'Nostalgia' and its simply too lovely for your average american dickhead so just forget about it. In fact, forget the whole thing. Me and D. Action (who was cross-dressing before it was obligatory) are gonna keep this one for ourselves. Alas, again too cool to live. See ya.

RUES AND PUZZLES

A Look At the Palstaff Caps



Ah, Palstaff. The very word conjures up images of an extremely obese dude with a turkey leg in each paw and a pretty young boy between his legs. Sure, it may be the cheapest studs on the circuit but the real reason to pick it up is the reb- bus on the inside of the cap. Whats a rebus, you ask? Fair question, lets ask Webster: 'A puzzle in which words or phrases are shown by means of pictures, signs, etc.' Got it? Okay, try this:



Fun, huh? And that was an easy one. They been doin this for years now so theres about 50 million different ones, some of which stump even Me. I mean, I don't know whose idea it was but its pretty rare in this day and age for a large corporation to do something so enjoyable and yet so cheap for their drinkin public. And hey, they're also great for parties, inexpensive dates, and teaching skin-heads how to think. Double yer pleasure, double yer-

Whats that? How's the beer taste? Um, uh, how bout those fligars, huh?

Dedicated to Rick Hustead, Ron Canavan, Candy Glivens, and Baby Fay, all RIP

MY WEEKLY READER

THE LANSING JOURNAL #1: Oh boy, finally a mag with something for everyone! That is, of course, if everyone is into reading page after page about dead or shot-up cops. Sound fun? Yeah, right, but whatta you expect from a guy (he sings with the Crucifucks) who spits big green hockers on his audience Hell, the last time I saw em he dived under the legs of this tall fox dancing in front, causing her to fall backwards and bash her head on the cement. (And he laughed! I mean, what a partyin duel!) Which was a pretty strange move for a fella who writes so much denouncing sexism and the oppression of women. He also writes about phonies, 'insecure' males, and 'apolitical assholes,' so much so that it soon becomes painfully obvious that he's just another spoiled, pin-dick, crybaby. I mean, its common knowledge that he's made

anonymous calls to the police complaining about upcoming punk shows (MDC?), trying to close em down. And he's in a punk band! (and a good one, too) He bitches on and on about killer cops and the slimey little shit is in fucking cahoots with em! Sheesh, I say fuck the traitorous prick. He doesn't care about positive political change, all he cares about is getting his little nut off by fucking with YOU and fucking with ME and fucking UP the whole goddamn movement. This is the kinda dork who sticks a cat's head in a fan just to see what'll happen. He doesn't care about the cat OR the fan. Just the mess. Send him a diaper.

(Doc Dork/613 N. Foster/Lansing, MI/48912) ACIDFREAK #1: The 'Zoo's latest mini-mag (2 pages!), the first by a woman, gets a big thumbs-up from us. Any pape that advocates The Green Top, Tom Waits, Bukowski, Town With-out Pity, AND Vanna White has just got to be

cool! (Although one can't help but wonder about the Huey Lewis obsession. Sounds to me like she needs a new thug) Pick up 'Acid-freak' and support tall people.

(447 W. Walnut/apt 5/Kalamazoo, MI/49009)

Do the people with
herpes deserve it?

UNT

"AW, GO TA HELL!"



Ugly? Who?

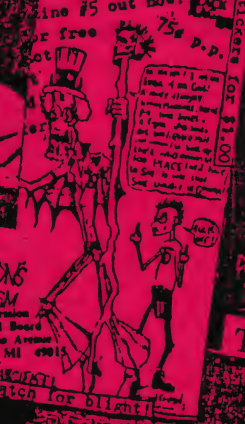
SPECIAL THANK TO NOBODY BUT ME. ME! ME! ME!

A PEACH OF A GUY.

"MY pain is real!"

MUSIC NOTES FROM THE (S)MALL CITY-- SIT-
TING AUTOPSY. THE WORLD DEPT. Rising up like
dank cadavers from the deep, it's Lucky
Stiffs (3 former Worms & a 3 song ep fea-
turing 'Blood Beat', 'Patrol', & 'Milk'.
currently polishing off a classic, 'BENE-FITS'
(Walnuts) Gallagher's IF THE BENE-FITS.
Warm up the toaster. 3rd at Club
Muscular Dystrophy bash Dec. 3rd at Club
Soda featuring Blight, Lucky Stiffs, & IDK.
It's for a good cause so we hope to see
you all there. Pig Boy's buying... should
our favorite bands, Violent Apathy, should
be makin noise again now that they've fo-
und a bass player... & NO this one is not

DEPRESSION



"I LEARNED
TO PLAY
the GUITAR
in
3
MINUTES
I'VE NEVER HAD SO
MUCH FUN BEFORE

The fish thank you
The birds thank you. Your
grandchildren will thank you.

RALPH SUPPORTS
EQUAL RITES

Bad news from
the underworld
Baboon Dooley
Rock Critic!
J CRAWFORD
173 E 21ST
BROOKLYN NY
11210
"Slimy and dishonest"
-Tim Yohannon MR&R

Remarkable scientific breakthrough gets
rid of birds for good... inexpensively!

THE FISH

THIS IS BLATANT HARASSMENT.

Thank You

THINK

ITG



MR. 'BAD NEWS'

GOOD MORNING
CANNING

GONE

FISHER

LIVE AND IN POISON!

BLIGHT/SLAUGHTERHOUSE
Oct. 19/Down on the Ranch



PIG BOY'S

you'r snit filled cupcakes & frozen pizza snacks. I'M SICK OF YOU'R FUCKING ABUSE!!
HA! One local art pooba said recently, "Why do you guys even put that paper out- you can't write very well". I agreed enthusiastically while I chain-smoked every

And so the show came off. Apparently it was a benefit for some drug-addict to pay off his court cost. Which was fine with me. I hate to see anybody go to jail. I spent 5 days there once for making too much noise and ended up sucking cock,reaming round-eye and packing fudge. And hey,it wasn't that bad! Not only did they give me free cigs but also their desserts,some moldy mass that was supposed to be applecrisp. Still, a nice place to visit,but...

Unfortunately it was outside,and I say "unfortunately" cuz it was about,oh,32 degrees. And though Strange Goofs and ADC didn't show,the 12 kegs did,making for a thankfully low thirst quotient. Cold beer on a cold night,ahh...

The show opened with some band called Slaughterhouse who,unfortunately, brought NO COWS. Now,not to slight them or Blight, but they might as well have been the same band. I mean,the bass player lays down the riff (a riff that rarely,if ever,changes), the drummer back-beats it, and then the singer and git-dude do funny things all over it. Okay,that said,let me also say that they were GREAT. One thing I like about these post-punk bands ('Post-punk?' Oh shut up,you asshole!),ahem,is that nobodies gotta look a certain way no more. The drummer was spooky (wearing a hockey mask ala 'Hail-o-ween'),the bassman had funny hair,and the singer obviously got 'C's all thru high school. My hero,though,was the guitar player who wore this wild,psychedelic shirt (Paisley? Hawaiian? Newwo-Crayola?) and squeezed out some the strangest sounds that these jaded old ears ever heard. Hell,if I'd known they were gonna be this good I woulda come if they only had 10 kegs.

Blight were up next and they were alot better,if only cuz I was alot drunker. They were also faster and had more changes,which added more dynamics and gave the singer more room to lie on the ground. Make no mistake: this is gonna be the best bands in the world. The sound is full,fat,and voluptuous. Buildings collapsing and volcanos being born. Instant apocalips for the suicide set (so to speak). And you can dance to it! And though the drummer and singer are hot,it's the bass and guitar men who take this semi all the way outta the tunnel and into the black light of day. Safe drivers? Not a chance.

Oh yeah: Special thanks to Mike Prof (pro p.a.),Tommy (for getting popped), and Chris for taking my cat. Can I stop now?

LETTER TO AMERICA



OVER & OUT!

Come, my friends- press you'r ear close to my mouth & I'll tell you a story of passion & intrigue. As the worm turns the seasons change. Leaves fall to earth. Brown, red, orange. Green ones cling to thier decaying stems as they await thier certain fate. Hopes of vision fade into typical bar-worm scheduals. The lust of youth becomes the monotone we euphemistically call "love".

By now, at this advanced stage of adulthood many of us have paired off into 2's, finding creature comfort in other creatures. Nesting together for security against adventures unknown. Knitting little booties around the warmth of a toaster. Lucky to get away one evening a week for golf/bowling, a fuck on the side, a quick narcotic jag or a lousey drunk. We treat ourselves to these little extra perks because sometimes our love can be so damn boring.

As passion can run thin, so too can our ambition. Motivation is a fine line between habit & vision. Do we do it because we have to, or because we want to? Are you just having trouble sleeping at night or is the dream really dead?

Oh my, you may say, but I wasn't even tired... That's funny, you clever bastard but that's not the issue. Why is everyone so mesmerized around here? Is it just the fattening process that comes with ageing or are we just a bunch of lame fucks who wouldn't even attend the Second Coming? Shit, 10 years ago we'd a shown up for a crucifixion screaming cuckoo on mushrooms & brandishing massive hard-ons. Now days some of us are lucky if we can squeeze out a few drops of goo while beating-off over a borrowed mirror... You know who you are.

I suppose you could call this a mid-life crisis. The symptoms are similar. But I think it is the recognition of the limitations of my present situation that is bearing down on me. Some kids never grow up. It's disturbing to see my cronies hunker down behind the facade of a safe future. Maybe my definitions are severe, but there is a lethargy settling over this culture. I just wanna go outside & play in the dirt.

& so I say the hell with it all. Why should I wanna open my heart up for you? Why amuse the sleeping masses with tales of heroism & devine insight? This is, after all, serious journalism not pop entertainment. ARE YOU LISTENING?! Get away from my window- You peasant voyeurs!! Go home to

last one of the wenchies cigarettes. You can't be a writer unless you smoke, right? Well I'm a serious writer, I smoke a lot. So long Ms. Art Critic, see ya in Paris, France. HA! HO!
WAIT! I'm not done yet... There is more wisdom headed you'r way. It has been charged that the good Dr. D. & myself are ignorant, sexist simpletons involved in a self-serving project designed to inflate our depraved egos. Oh brother, what a scam. I seriously doubt that we would even be capable of such a calculated plot. But anyway to those bawl-babies,, I say go start you'r own magazine. We aren't cheerleaders promoting some silly scene. We have tried to encourage you to THINK. Don't buy the party line- have you'r own party.

& so it is time for me to leave this Indian burial ground. The crystal ball tells me that the hour has arrived in which I must bail out. I will leave behind this void of practice bands, demo bands, bars that close before 12, record stores that forget to order new records, the Fat ("He's asleep") Man & his riddle journal, to many baubles to mention, & of course, my row boat.

Last &probably least there is the nearly defunkt Dr. D., who co-conspired with me to bring this to you in living black & white. You know who he is; the Semi-Negro who always shows up at parties & stays to late... & comes back again after everyone has gone to bed. "It's alright Mam. I'm on a research mission." folks like him are hard to find & should be designated a national landmark- or given a car without brakes or something.

The female half of the F.B.P. staff have completely bitten the the proverbial bun. Ms. Nina Mina Flido has been forbidden by her her illiterate scum-heathen husband to contribute to our illustrious publication. So much for free speech... Dr. Virdon has retreated to the hills of Colorado never to be reckoned with again. Los amigos.

I'll be pounding the pavement before the snow blows. Maybe I'll go to South Carolina & spend the winter with Mom & Pop. Work construction or get a job on a shrimp boat. YO! Hail you fishes! Get caught in my net, dudes.

Or maybe I'll go to San Francisco & pick up some drunken sailors, run out of money & go on a crime spree. That would be challenging.

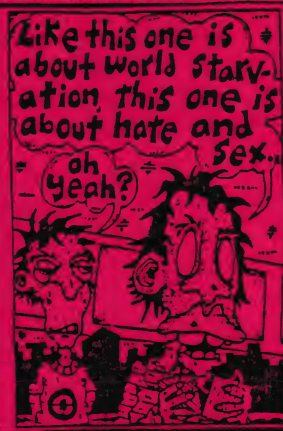
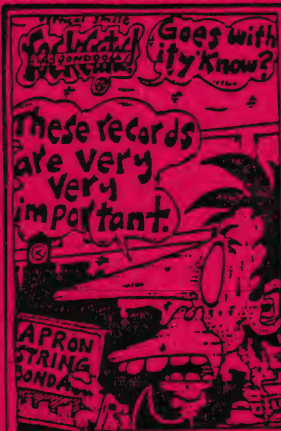
I must leave now. Please don't whimper, O ye faithfull readers. Don't wet yorn eyes nor dampen you'r cheeks. The silence has been broken & it's now time for sleep. Poof.

THE 2 ED'S IN-LEZ START A BAND!



make you gay

Loggins can



That's cool. Catch ya later."

And I stepped out onto the pavement, the girl nuzzling my neck. All around us streets were spilling, buildings toppling. All man's snitty little monuments, returning (like so much compost) to the earth. It was beautiful.

We headed for the ship.

BEND & PEEL

INSTRUCTIONS

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AFTER DRAWING SPECIMEN

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

TOUCH... DOWN

I live at a noisy intersection. Well, actually I live in a house on a noisy intersection. One block from the cop shop. One block from the fire station. Two blocks from the hospital. It's noisy down here. Sirens goin' all'a time. Vandals bustin' stuff up. Now they got that new Care Unit helicopter over at the hospital. The big bird buzzes over my house all the time & it's like a war zone out there. Lights flashing, windows shaking. When someone yells "Hit the deck!" at my house you kiss the carpet.

When the combat zone outside is not too busy we may venture out to the store for C-rations, or over to the Cantina Rex for dancing with some of the native girls-- exchanging chocolates or leather undergarments for wet, sloppy kisses. O LA-LA, Seniorita!

Most of our neighbors are tired, broken men who drink to much. Dressed in crumpled polyester overcoats, & pants that are 6 inches to short-- This is thier land; The Old Country. They spend thier days sipping the regions beverages; Night Train, Cannon 21, or perhaps when in a festive mood-- Falstaff.

A good felon of mine, Clark, stopped over one day recently & we observed one of the heathen nieghbors in a vacant lot next door. The field was pitted with dingbats & moguls. The old boy had a transistor radio pressed to his ear with one hand & in the other a small white football. He would make various motions with with the football, dodge an imaginary rush & loft the little ball down the field. An awkward toss-- sometimes more like a pop-up. He would then trot down & pick up the ball & repeat this charade-- in the reverse direction.

As lovers of sport we went over & introduced ourselves. He identified himself as Ray, but we call him the "Stork" because of his gangly, gawky appearance. He lamented at the lack of partners available for team sports. "These old guys, all they want to do is-- HEE HEE HEE! (unintelligible) & I wanna go out & get a little-- HEE HEE HEE! (unintelligible)-- HEE HEE HEE!" Small light bulbs flicked on over Clark & my head. Here's what we're gonna do...

We round up all the available fellers in our whereabouts, divide them up, & we each manage our own football team... Of tottering old men.

The Stork looks skeptical, "Well now, HEE HEE HEE! (unintelligible)... There's only one thing that'll get those boy's outta the crib & that's-- HEE HEE HEE!"

Clark & I exchange dark glances. We decide to buy a keg & call Doff Chek... We be needin a referee for this party.

It's Sunday morning. 3 o'clock in the afternoon. A maroon chevy pulls up.

"Hola, Comrades! Looks like snow!"

It's the referee.

"I want a clean game! I want a G rating--"

Doff Chek marches to the center of the field, ranting about animal rights. Clark & I glare at each other. We divide the troops up-- The Party Vikings vs. The Infidels. It's every man for himself.

The kick-off is a mess. The plastic white football is stuck around the Vikings 40 yard line. The keg is over there. The ref declairs a cease fire.

"Move that ball to the center of the field & put that keg on a dolly!"

The ball is blasted 12 feet in the air off the foot of a wasted dwarf. He flips over on his back.

"KUNG FU KID!!" He belches. The teams scramble for the keg. I manage to struggle the hose away from everybody.

"TIME! TIME OUT!" I yell.

"You'r out of order! Bring the ball back to the center of the field! Doff Chek has taken over... What a slave driver.

"15 yards against The Infidels for delay of keg!"

As we walk back the Stork bumps into me, "I used to drink beer, back in the Army. But then I learned how to drink & I quit drinkin beer. HEE HEE HEE! Lez go (unintelligible)".

The ball is placed. Moved. Once again I end up with the hose. The call is protested.

"FUCK YOU! I WANT ACTION!" Doff Chek barks.

"LEZ PLA' BALL!" He's twirling in the parking lot as we fall over the line of scrimmage.

The ball lies dormant as the teams dive for the keg. I take control & breakaway for the goal. 40-30-20-10-- The beer falls off the cart. The hospital helicopter is passing directly over head. The noise is deafening.

"FOUL BALL!"

"SMELLS BAD!"

"THERE GOES A BUNNY RABBIT!"

"NO! THAT'S A MUSCRAT YOU BIMBO!"

"HEY! WHERE'S MY GLASS?"

"I KNOW MY RIGHTS! I WANT A 10!"

"COMANDMENTS!"

"4 MORE-YEARS!"

"WHO'D YOU VOTE FOR?"

"NO MORE FOAMING!"

"WE'LL SUCK THIS THING DRY!"



"Euthenabia" →

guy, every whore and politician, every dentist and-- he leaned forward, smiled ear-to-ear, and whispered-- "everybody's got it!" And he laughed. Clutched his nuts and laughed.

"Um, what about a girl?"

I pointed at a girl who was pinned and bleeding beneath a table.

"Or, he asked 'Or course, why?' 'Oh, I don't know. It's just such a long ride back to the colony.' I puffed. I could use some company."

"You're a real beast, ya know."

And he waved his hand, and she was in my arms, her cufs healed, her fear subsided. I held her close.

I stepped around punctured corpses, I carted slowly to the door. Then, turned back, I shook my head. I have em hold up dinner awhile? Maybe an hour or two? "Nan, that's okay," he roared.

"We figured you could handle it," he said "You always do."

I shook out a cig, held it, listened. Screams. The dead and dying, the busted, the maimed. It was deafening--the screams rising (like audible puke-fumes) above everything. I still hadn't gotten used to it.

"Yeah, I repeated 'another end is okay. I was just hopin you weren't plannin any floods.' I lit my cig. 'These are new boots.'"

I pinned a woman to a wall with ectoplasmic spikes and pelted her with pool balls. He smiled.

"Nops. No floods for this burg. Earthquakes! Earthquakes and high winds and-- He winked-- 'dids ever have clap?' Clap? Sure, but... 'Oldja like it?' 'Like it? What the hell--"

Rockroll was all I believed in when Armageddon stepped into the bar. And when the walls started shaking I was shaking my pud, reading the graffiti in front of me, the wall crumbling before my eyes. Some cat named Lee really wanted to suck some young white cock. I licked my thumb, smeared it out.

Stumbling from the john (eyes blurred and bright) I saw the disaster, the carnage, broken bodies, blood splashed on the dancefloor, chairs whirling in small tornadoes, smashing, fracturing skulls. I fingered my belly-button. Farted.

"Hey, Arms, what's an old man's head, shout. He squished an old man's head, smashed the jukebox, looked at me.

"I tried to call," he bellowed, hell-fire in his nostrils. "No answer."

He looked like a big (40 foot) chocolate-brown cloud man. Rolling in on himself, shrinking and swelling, with 2 black noles for eyes and a mouth like a nuclear power plant. Yeah, a big round cloud man. On acid, though, he looks like a big hunkka shit. Oh well.

the Toilet Tapes

er since the break-up of the 'Zoo's premier new wavers, the 1-a-Snakes, I've been a pretty sul- len drunk. And for once I say 'new wavers' without in- tent to insult. Sure, they took a lotta flack, but hey, us fans knew. Here was a band that was blatantly arty, terminally lite weight, AND staggering teetoddlers, and yet still had more creativity and basic rock'n'roll smarts than, well, at least any body in this town. (and the 2 foxes out front didn't hurt) And this Mike Mitch dude, though sometimes lyrically heavy- handed, wrote some really cool songs. When it comes to this kinda stuff he could very well be a genius. Either that or a snowblower.

Anyway, this here is Mike (guitar), Snake lead singer Cheri, and Cheri's old man (synth, drum machine), and (most of it) is, as I expected, GREAT. Let me work backwards: despite Cheri's sexy vocal on 'Descend Into Cool' the lyrics make my nipples wilt. This is the kinda song ya put in the closet and leave there. Then there's '100 Years Of Solitude' which is just what this song needs. The perfect thing for putting in a blade- gradable time capsule. Call me in 2000.

Ah, but then ya got 'He's So Distant' a Eurthmics-style (almost-) love song that lopes, investigates, and peeks around corners. I like it so much that I some- times put on dark glasses and stand in the corner of the bathtub pretending its about me. Sound crazy? Well yer right: I don't have a bathtub.

And lastly (and bestly) theres 'Bang Bang,' a hit fucking single if I ever heard one. Great melody, perfect (socially conscious) words, and the pret- tiest vocal that Tina, er, Cheri ever laid her v-chorals on. I mean, you can get drunk and cry to this one. In fact, I'm gonna do both those things right now. Is it past 2 yet?

(1932 S. Westnedge/apt 3/Kalamazoo, MI)

MICHAEL MOSHER: Another tragic tale of a young man and his guitar (acoustic!) a- gainst the world. And even though I have- n't listened to this kinda stuff since the Ramones dropped in and smashed all my an- tiques, I can still tell the difference be- tween ground beef and soy-beans. Well, here's the beef (did I say that?): It op- ens with 'Dangling,' a poppish, R&B rave- down that'll be a hit someday, even if only in Ohio. Little Anthony & the Imperials meet Toys R Us? Perhaps. I like the way he says 'cars.'

Then theres 'Looks That Drive A Young Man Crazy,' a tune that brings to mind that old junkie, James Taylor. Its warm and lovely and I like it but I can't for the

Life of me see how he can sing words like 'commoner,' 'princess,' and later, 'home- stead,' and get away with it. (Theres ob- viously something going on here) And you can fuck to it.

'I'm A Manic Depressive' is symptomatic of its classic title, in that you will get depressed. And though it also encour- ages heavy petting I'M TIRED OF BLUEBIRDS! To hell with birds! How come these guys never sing about Gila monsters?

Finally there's 'Blue Whiskey,' the one I hold dearest to my twisted little heart. You could probably call this a cli- che casarol, and you'd be right. But we're talking feelings here. We're talkin lost love and the whole three stories of mass confusion. And pain. Language barriers be damned, this a beautiful song.

So there you have it; a soothing musi- cal melt-down that also doubles as good fuck jams. Check out this tape, and you too can return to forever.

(Alcott/Kalamazoo, MI)

BLIGHT: Yep, thats right, folks! This here is NEW Blight, 100% natural with not a speck of cereal. The ideal mix with bloody marys, straight whiskey, and corn nuts, this sucker really tortures the heat. It opens with 'Thank You,' a bouncy lit- tle buger that tosses kangaroos off ter- races and makes my stereo shout 'NO!' It also features my favorite line, 'FEED THE CAT/SAVE THE SHRIMP/BOYCOTT PEACE!!' Obvi- ously no locust beans here. Next up is 'Doctor Jesus,' a drunken dirge that shoves a slow metal crucifix up Jerry Fal- well's poop-chute. (Ouch, I like it!) Then 'Tomorrow' (the song for today) slides in sideways and lurches past industrial grave- yards. (Its always midnight. Wolves rip the throats from sleeping winos) But the cream-de-la-crumb here is '10 Seconds,' an ironic title cuz its--get this--13 MINUTES LONG. Yeah, thats right, 13. Now, everybody knows that theres no reason in the world that ANY song needs to be THAT long. So why does it work? Well, maybe cuz its an instant brown & serve dance mix. Maybe cuz its half James Bond theme and half mush- rooms. Or maybe cuz its just good for get- ting drunk and talking to bowling balls. Maybe, but all you really need to know is that this is a wonderful tape and you can get your very own by sending \$3.50 (ppd) to 1026 Eureka, Lansing, MI. And remember: half price for cirrhosis victims. (Liver let die, I always say! AHAAAAHAHAHAHA..)



TALES OF TRUE PERVERSION

Ck boys and girls, its time once again for some tales of true perversion (and I'm not talking painful beef injection either) - and no Alan Berg jokes either, you there! Say, any of you familiar with the writings of the Marquis de Sade? Well, I am and I say that dude had nothin on me! So what if Mom got her pussy lips & butthole seem about with heavy red waxed canvas thread? So the dude porks his daughter in the ass, big deal! Last week I got off hard and you are gonna listen to the gory whys, wheres, and hows! Why? you ask, because I like you. No wait-I really dont (Kenny excluded) - well shut up and listen anyway.

Is your seat pulp? Mine sure is, but oohhh lady's it's worth it. I was on a case that lead to the Service dept. (as in I got yer service right here) of a car dealer in the land of whiteheads (aka:Boulder). Something fishy was going on after hours. Something involving gross encounters of the bad tuna and piston kind. It seems old Joe Kirby was leading boys in the AM hours to deviate that performed the 'Sacred Acts' (details at a later date) on each other as part of a perverted pagan rite. These perva put the Marquis to shame, but not me! After I caught wind of the gas they were having - I knew I had to muscle in. Being the large intimidating person that I now am, there was no trouble. I simply pulled up Bel Air up near the main garage door, revved her up, and hooked a hunk of tubing on the tailpipe and ran the other end through a conient hole in the door, then I sat back and turned the radio on. Within 40 minutes the CO2 had done its job and I moved in to do mine. Experience only knows the joy of violating the unconscious human (or animal) body, there is a certain nerve state induced by gas poisoning that causes the inert body to twitch spastically as the muscles jerk to a music all their own. Yeah, jerk and contract-uncontrollably. Yere talkin best ever in the wad shooting department (mines all pneumatic now, but its the feelin that counts). I want you to stop for a moment and recall the most bizarre sexual act you ever performed. Think hard now.... Ck, reliving it yet? Well thats how I felt only better. I couldnt stop-Jesus I was an animal (Dad woulda been proud). Major body excretion and the slobd didnt even know what hit em. I made use of EVERY tool in the shop. Its amazing what you can do with a hydraulic jack and a little imagina- tion. All Im sayin is try it yourself, cause Im not goin into any more detail. Yeah, so, the worshippers woke up a little sore and bloody from their religious expe- rience. Pintos just startin to scab over (finally, once I quit pickin) and now Im lookin for more work. Call me if yer inter- ested. Is in the back. Later, Dick.

AND NOW
from SAULT ST. MARIE

BLIGHT
from LIVERPOOL

LUCKY
from KALAMAZOO

IDK
from KALAMAZOO

Chub Soday
from KALAMAZOO

ALL PROCEEDS GO TO THE
MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY ASSOCIATION

CHRISTMAS LOVE STORY

LITTLE LOVE NEST
Frankensteins and Mirrors?

by Dr D

She opened a can of cat food and licked the edge of the top with her tongue. It cut in about a quarter inch (right at the tip), began bleeding. She closed her mouth and blood, like tiny vipers, trickled out the corners. She smiled. I went to the bathroom.

Once inside, I closed the door, locked it. It was a dark, filthy, piss- oiled john, but nice. There was a med- icine cabinet with a cracked mirror just above the sink. Taped to it were six, maybe seven, doctored photographs of Santa Claus. Some had him with no arms, and some with no legs, and there was even one with his arms and his legs gone. Just his head, his body. He was sitting in a bentwood rocker, smiling.

Shaking my head, I checked my reflec- tion. I looked like D Day. A fat purple lip, a neck fulla hickies. Eyes half- closed and bloodshot. My mouth hung open. It was funny: I was a soft green gambler, my reflection, the house. It was laughing at me. It knew I'd lost everything.

Turning my back to the mirror (I was naked), I looked over my shoulder. There were deep red scratches running up and down my back. From side to side, too, like a B Negative checker board. The lines glistened. There were handprints of blood, hunks of clawed skin the size of marbles, even a pink broken fingernail, stuck like a moon in a cloud. I reached around, grabbed it, stuck it in my mouth.

After swallowing, I placed my hand on Elmo (my cock) and massaged his red, raw, chewed-up head. He looked like a piece of string cheese. I shook him, pissed in the sink. Then, dropping my hands down, I pissed on them and patted it (like Aqua Velva) on my face. Being a good catholic girl she was into feces eating, period sundaes, and most of all, the piss kiss. I dabbed my lips.

Leaning in close, I cracked the door, peeked out. All the lights were out but I could still see her peering around the corner; just her rats-nest hair and her wild yellow eyes and (Elmo jumped) a 3 & 1/2 foot machete, clutched child-like between her breasts. She gritted her teeth, drooled some bloody spit. She was a di- amond, that girl. I--(I winced)--I didn't think of marriage often...

"SCUM!" She shrieked it.
"Oh, baby."

And I swooned and ran towards her screaming and there was a mad murderous look in my eyes and outside the snow began falling, littering the night.